NUMBER 2.

My Old Love.

I maw a face in the streets to-night
That brought up the burled years—
The face of the waman I might have wed—
And it filled my beart with tears;
For she loved me well, and I loved her, too,
But a shadow fell elect ur way;
And I linked my fate with someone else,
And she is my wife to day.

Long years have passed, and but few regrets
Have lingered around my heart,
for the wife I have wed is good and true,
And acts a womanly part.
I dare not think I had happier been
With the sweet first-love of my youth,
For she I have wed is a treasure of grace,
And has served me with love and truth.

But the face that I saw in the streets to-night
In my soul such dreams have stired
That I shrink before my wife's kind aze,
And am stung by caun tender word?
And the children who troop around my knee,
And deem me so good m d wise,
Little reck of the thoughts that trouble ms
Or the tears that bedim my eyes.

Were my old love wed, well, then, perhaps,
All these thoughts I could soon issipate
and yet, had her fate so designed it. I fear,
The man she had we'l I stong d hate.
Can her heart have been true to the past,
While mine has fresh and conge sought?
I must not think that, less a breaca
In the peace of my home should be wrought.

How would it have been had we we'?
Should I happier be, or would sue?
God knows; but this truth I am bound to confess,
My wife is a deer and true wife to me
The not from what might have been but from what is
That we now have to gather delight,
And yet, my old love, not the wife of my heart.

heart.
Will be first in my dreams to-night.
Jones Burnley.

THE FOREWOMAN'S DAUGH-

"Will you ask Mrs. Graham to come

The attendant who had answered the bell departed with the order, leav-ing Mr. Bellingham in solitary possession of his sumptuously-appointed office.

The Bellinghams, perhaps the oldest importers of china and elegant porce-lains in Europe, had been favorably, honorably known to the trade for upwards of three-quarters of a century. The elder Bellingham was in his grave; the younger was in his office, awaiting the appearance of his forewoman, Mrs. Graham.

guage that we are frequently unable to finish. express a comparison without attaching some misapprehension thereto, as in the present instance. Augustus Belling- mean to tell me you did it?" present instance. Augustus Belling-ham was not young. He had existed during two score years, and it must be admitted that he showed his age.
Still, he was a remarkably handsome

man, well proportioned, and in the true sense of the word a gentleman. He had seen nothing of the seamy side of life; he had been finely educated, and had glided without friction into the seat of a prosperous business made vacant by nise of his respected father.

Upon this particular morning he had summoned Mrs. Graham upon a matter which had forced itself upon his notice in her department, an aicia, though he could not escape, he heartify dreaded to broach. Therefore, the appearance of

der sickly woman, neatly attired in black, was the signal for him o rise from his luxurious chair in some per-"Will you be seated, Mrs. Granam?" were his first words, as he pointed to a

If Mr. Bellingham was poor Mrs. Graham was still more so. Such courtesy from her august employer terrified her, and in speechlese

ment she sank upon the edge of the seat Mr. Bellingham posed gracefully up

on the edge of his dest.

"Mrs. Graham," ie began again,

"you look unwell."

"Oh, sir—do you think so, sir?" "Yes; and you are unwall, are you

"I have not been quite strong "As I thought You-er-you have missed several days during the past

The pallid face flushed consciously. "Yes, sir, I have," she faltered, clasping her thin hands; "but I have spoken to the bookkeeper about it, and asked him to deduct the time from my wages.

It was now Mr. Bellingham's turn to "It is not a question of noney, Mrs. Graham," he said with some constraint, "you have served so long and faithfully; that we should not begrudge you time lost through illness, but we must positively have someone in your place every

"Oh, I shall be there every day in future, sir," cried Mrs. Gaham, the ready tears starting to her wes. "But you look as though fou needed

rest and care." of think not Pardon me if I differ with you; think you do You will from well,

Placing one hand upon the arm of the chair, she rose with some difficulty

and faced her employer, a look of pit-eous appeal in her deep groy eyes. "Am I to understand that you wish to dismiss me from your employ, sir?"
"For your own sake I think it would be better were I to employ a stronger

person to replace you. The words struck heme to the anxious heart like a shaft. She staggered for an instant blindly, but recovered herself as quickly.

well, Mr. Bellingham," she rejoined faintly; "if such is your will I have nothing to say, but God help me!" She turned towards the door to retire, when Augustus Bellingham took a forward step.
"Mrs. Graham!"

"Sir?"

"Do not misunderstand me. Remain for the rest of this bouth; if at its expiration you find yourself well enough Otherwise, pray believe that I small see to it that you are omfortable for the remainder of your Ife."

He meant well; inhappily, however, he expressed himsel clausily, nowever, generosity wounder where it had been intended to heal.

Mrs. Graham raied her bowed head and dealt him a lok instinct with dig-

"I thank you, Mr. Bellingham," she said. "I am gud of the pay that I work for, but I o not think that my services to you ad your father would warrant my accepting your charity. I shall remain o by the mouth, and

shall hope to prove to you that I am not as ill as you are kind enough to think." "Dash me! but that woman comes of good stock," thought Mr. Bellingham, as he took his hat and cane and went out to his coupe.

"To the school of art, Parsons, as quickly as possible," he said to the coachman, and, springing into the carriage, he soon lost sight of poor Mrs. Graham and her infirmities in the delightful anticipations of the rendezvous that awaited him.

Augustus was a bachelor, and it was only within six months that his mature heart had been touched by any sensa-tion akin to genuine love. He had always been susceptible, but not until he met Miss Gladys Thorne at the artrooms one gloomy autumn afternoon had he ever dreamed of exchanging his luxurious celibacy for the married state.

The fact was that he had found pretty Giadus taking lessons of one of the ladies whom he regularly employed to decorate come to order. An introduc-tion had followed and almost daily

Finally it became the understood thing that Mr. Bellingham should call at the art-rooms every afternoon and drive Miss Thorne to town to take her train for her suburban home

The interview with Mrs. Graham had delayed the lover upon that particular day, and as a consequence, as he near-ed the goal of his heart's desire, he descried the dainty figure upon the curb, looking anxion-ly up and down the street, ostensibly for a car. "Og Mr. Bellingham!" in sweet sur-

"On, Miss Thorne-Gladys! Will you -can you torgive me for being so late?"
"You are late, aren't you?" with a coy smile as she nestled into the corner beside him, and the astate Parsons

whipped off in the direction of the rail-"Yes. I am dreadfully late, but I was detained.' "Well, I'll forgive you this time if

you'll honestly criticise what I have here wrapped up in my veil." Thereupon the silky blue net was unraham.

It is one of the infirmities of our lanfurled, disclosing a vase, fresh from the
firing, and decorated with masterly "Exquisite!" cried Mr. Bellingham

> "All by myself." "Well you're a dear sweet little won-

"Now, Mr. Bellingham!"

"I mean it. She clapped her hands in childish "Then perhaps you'll soon let me paint for you?" she exclaimed. "Exclusively for me and as soon as

vou see fit.

She blushed hotly. "I mean for your house," she stammered. "And I mean for your husband," he ejoined firmly. "Gladys, you must rejoined firmly.

"When you have asked my mother's Then let me go with you this after-

"No, mother is away; besides, you had better write to her.' It was a little chilling to be obliged to pour out his passion in ink, but Augustus did it and did it creditably. He used the most expensive paper he could purchase, and the most elegant rhetoric at his command. Then he consigned his burning missive to the custody of the post and waited-three days.

No reply. Gladys did not reappear at the art-rooms, and he would have been desperate indeed did he not console himself with the thought that Mrs. Thorne might be still away from home. On the morning of the fourth day he was in his office as usual, when he was aroused from a reverie by a terrible erash of china in the outer store.

Upon hastening thither to inquire into the cause, he discovered that Mrs. Graham had fainted at her post and gone down amid a quantity of rare Dresden.

"Bring her into my office at once and send for a doctor," he commanded. It was more than an hour before the poor woman regained her senses, and when she found herself alone with her employer she gave utterance to her

"You are right, Mr. Bellingham," she said, "I must leave my place. I am too ill to attend to business. But Heaven only knows how I am to live!" "I have told you you need have no anxiety on that score, Mrs. Graham; it shall be my pleasure to provide for you.

"I cannot think of it," murmured the lady, "unless -unless you marry my Was the woman mad?

Augustus was about to rush to the door and summon back the departing doctor. Upon second thoughts, he concinded that she was harmless and de-Imined to temporise. "But, my dear woman, I don't know

your daughter," he began. Was the man mad? She touched her bosom to assure herself that his letter was there.

"You don't know Gladys?" she cried. "Gladys Thorne?"
"Yes, and my daughter."

"But your name is Graham?" "I nave been twice married." What would the world say if it knew that the elevant Augustus Bellingham seized his forewoman in his arms and

imprinted kiss after kiss upon her brow? What the world did say, when a month later Mr. Augustus Beilingham went abroad upon his wedding-trip, was that his bride was as exquisitely fair as any of the ideal beauties that were depicted upon the plaques he sold,

Editor daily paper-So you would like a job on the paper, Rastus? Rastus-Yes, sah. I kinder feels dat I wud make er good journalis' wif a little 'sperience. Editor—Quite likely. Well, Rastus, we'll give you a trial. You can earry that ton of coal on the sidewalk up to the sixth story, then wash down the windows, and scrub the floor, and clean the sub-cenar, and Rastus— of O Connell, the great Irish agitator. I say, boss, I reckon I'il try an' git er It will be like the one in O'Connell job on a weekly paper fust. Gittin' out street, Dublin, and Mr. Brock, an a paper every day am too much ob a Irishman living in London, who was strain on er pusson what has nebber the sculptor then, has also been engaged fore, and now, eight years after their had no journalisticum sperience. 'Deed for the work on the Melbourne monu-

COCOANUTS. Their Sorting on the Pier-A Baker's Lot-

The Ships that Bring Then A little lead-colored steamer, drawing no more than nine feet of water when loaded, lay at a pier near Coenties slip, People familiar with shipping would have said at a glance that she was in the fruit or some such trade to the Spanish Main on account of her size and looks. A gang of men were lifting bushel baskets full of co-counts over the low hatch combing amidships and sliding them along greasy planks toward another gang of men on the pier.
These men lifted the baskets up on to
the low tables made of planks laid on
top of cheap barrels. Three baskets
could be accommodated at one time on each of the two tables. A man before each basket picked the nuts up, one in each hand, and knocked them together lightly, and then e ther tossed them into a big coarse bag which a man held open before the table, or tossed them to a heap on the pier. Those thrown to the pier were spoiled more or less, some of them being so far decayed as to break open. Those thrown into the bags were sound. The light tap told the quality of the nut to the inspector. Each bag held a hundred, and as soon as filled it was drawn to one side and had its mouth sewed up by a man who used a needle nine inches long and soft jute twine for thread. Other men gathered the spoiled nuts into bags and oaded them into a covered wagon that had nothing painted on it to indicate its ownership. A reporter who watched the men found that from five to seven nuts were rejected for every bag that was filled. One of the workers, although kept busy either passing along the full baskets or the empty ones back,

found time to talk. He said: "This vessel brought 75,000 of the nuts from Baracoa. We began on them at 7 o'clock this morning, and will have them all out by 3 o'clock. We are paid by the hour at 'longshoremen's rates. The boss took the contract to discharge the cargo at sixty cents a

"What is done with the spoiled "They are sold to that man (indicating a man by the unmarked wagon). He is a baker and confectioner. He says they make a better and cheaper fire than coal. Rather curious, though, that only bakers and confectioners should have learned what good fuel

they are.' The nuts were stowed loose in the hold of the vessel, with nothing to keep them from shifting in case the steamer got a heavy lurch during a gale on her way to port. A merchant who was familiar with the trade said:

000 cocoanuts a year. On an average finally safety brought overland by ox teams from St. Paul, on the Mississippi teams from St. Paul, on the Mississippi the water aiding us, we dragged the great mollusk—still fast to Brown's ankle—back to higher ground on the traveling bells of St. Boniface." But consequence. The fittle steamers are know I love you. When will you be driving the schooners out of the busi- the grave of Riel in the church-yard. It years ago there was not a single steamer in the Baracoa trade. In 1881 there were 151 schooner cargoes brought here from Baracoa. In 1882 there were five steamer cargoes brought-all American. The schooner cargoes rose to 221 in 1883, besides 14 Yankee steamer cargoes. The next year the British tramp entered the trade, and in two years cut the schooner cargoes to 48, while the number of steam tramp cargoes rese to 94. The Yankee steamers barely held their own with 16 cargoes. It is a case of the survival of the littest. The fact is, the steamers, although flying the British flag, are in great part owned by American capital. Cocoanuts at Baracoa cost 2 cents each, delivered on board the steamer free. There is very little freighting done, the steamers and cargoes belonging usually to the firms engaged in the trade." -N. Y. Sun.

Cropping Dogs' Ears.

Sir Edwin Landseer, one of the judges at the dog-show in London, England, endeavored to exclude all dogs that had been mutilated by ear-cropping and otherwise. The principal reason for Sir Edwin's protest is that the cropping of ears is most cruel and hurtful to the dog. The cruelty complained of is not in the operation-that, after all, is a small matter. It consists in depriving the animal of a defense which nature has given it against the entrance of earth and sand into the ears. The entrance of these into the ears distress the dogs much, causing deafness, abscesses, and cancer. All dogs, more or less, re-quire to be protected from sand and earth by overlapping ears; but especially do terriers, literally "earth dogs" finally swooping down upon the object of his desires, "et ca?" he askes. On persecuted by cropping. They go into a burrow, their ears get full of sand, and they suffer ever afterward. Surely Sir Edwin Landseer is right in saying that the Society for the Prevention of "Est ce le dernier prix, mousieur," Cruelty to Animals should look to the practice. The only excuse that can be prix; ce n'est pas cher." The voice of set up for this system is a delusive one. It is said that lighting dogs fare better with their ears cropped, and the exigenwith their ears cropped, and the exigen cies of fighting dogs have set the fashion for all others. It is true that if an that he is sure that he is really going ear be gone it can not be torn, but then and that he will not come back. poses the ear is often a protection. All these fighting dogs have what are called "points." One has his way of will monsieur give?" Monsieur turns seizing the leg, another fixes upon the throat, and yet another makes a dash at the large gland behind the ear, which in the dog is as sensitive as the most sensitive gland in the human the assailant can get a good bite at it and lay his adversary low. Leave the dog his car and the assailant's grasp of the sensitive gland is impeded by folds of the ear and rendered much more feeble. Thus, even to the fighting-dog the long ear is a positive defense - New Orleans Picamine

The people of Melbourne, Australia,

RIEL'S GRAVE.

The Neglected Reating-Piace of the Half-Breed Leader in the Northwest.

No visit to this interesting region is complete without crossing over Red river from Winnipeg to the suburb of St. Boniface, the home of Archbishop Tache. There are two men in Winnipeg who, by their personal merits and a long course of wise actions for the benefit of this region, have become pre-eminent in their influence over the of the Canadian northwest. Sir Donald A. Smith, whose Winnipeg home is at Silver heights, on the banks of the As- en's sake, Lieutenant, quick, and help sinibolne, was for many years the head me!' I dashed out to him through of the Hudson & Bay company in this country, and his influence over the peo-ple in the wide domain extending from the boundary to the Arctic circle and from the great lakes westward to the Rocky mountains has been very marked.

Archbishop Toche, whose province extends all over the same wide territory is the revered spiritual adviser of the French and Indians, and also a sage counselor for the whole country. These 20 minutes. I had heard of the tridactwo men for a long period have been a nagigas, or monster clam, of this coast, reliance of the government in dealing and instantly realized the danger of his with these remote people, and they were situation. "Courage, old fellow," I mainly instrumental in settling the original said, "I'll stick by you. Here, hold this inal troubles in Manitoba which resulted it its being made a Canadian province. Riel very properly objected to some suggested modes of settlement, be-cause, as he said, the people of this re-gion desired to be equal to and not subordinate to Canada; they did not wish "to be the colony of a colony." Crossing over the substantial bridge spanning the Red river between Winnipeg and St. Boniface, the attractive cathedral is in full view. The river sweeps grandly around from the west to the north, and on the edge of the outer bank is a road. A plain white fence borders this road with foliage behind it, from among which stands up the cathedral of St. Boniface, with its tall, shining, tin covered spire, a reproduction of those seen on the lower St. Lawrenge, Above this is the large, square academy building, which is a school of the Sisterhood of Gray Nuns from Montreal, and adjoining it is their convent. Below the church, embosomed in trees, stands the modest residence of the archbishop, a low, square-roofed house, yet comfortable in its appointments. St. Boniface college is behind. The buildings are constructed of the cream-colored stone found near by, and which is used so extensively in Winnipeg. The church is of mod-ern build, erected in 1860, to succeed the original church then burnt. It has a famous chime of bells, first sent out from London to the old church, destroyed when the church was burnt, the fragments collected and sent back to London for recasting, again sent out, "We import from 13,000,000 to 15,000,- and, after meeting various mishaps, the most interesting part of the place is ness, aithough the heat of the engine is a flat grave inclosed by a plain woodrooms is detrimental to the nuts. Six en fence, with a cross, also of wood, stuck in the ground and bearing the words "Louis David Riel," without other mark. His widow who recently died, is interred alongside without any mark, and, in fact, the graves show no evidence of any care being taken of them. The death of Riel by the extreme penalty of the law, while still a cause of great irritation among the French of ower Canada, has probably ended all prospect of French half-breed domina-

Prices in Paris.

don Times.

tion in any part of the northwest where

the English rule, mainly through the

instrumentality of the Canadian Pacific

railway, has now established its su-preme authority. - Wannipeg Cor. Lon-

The Englishman who makes it a matter of recreation to run over to Paris twice a season is beginning to fret with whom, in the matter of meat and drink, he has to deal. He buys old books, often at a bargain; he does not buy much bric-a-brac in Paris, but eat he must, and the prices demanded of him, simply because he falters in his French, render him rebellious. Still he is an amiable fellow. He dislikes a struggle, and even if disposed to struggle his treacherous accent reminds him that he is not at home. He may bend his brows over the abnormal size of his "addition," but he puts his hand into his pocket and pays it, after all, and that is all the Frenchman cares for. The Parisian setting out to buy looks critically at everything. He then demands the price of several articles in which he has no interest whatever, and learning the price he whistles a polite says. "Mais non, monsien.." the merchant. "Mais oui, monsieur, that judges of dogs ought not to sanc- insists the Parisian. A little silence tion such treatment of the animal, and ensues, broken by the would-be buyer. the merchant is dignified but reproachful. "Eh bien!" says the Parisian, it is for otten that even for fighting pur- cautiously the merchant puts his head and names his price; he does not take a step backward until he has received a definite answer. He knows what he is doing and with whom he has to deal. He names his price, something within body. Deprive the dog of his ear and reason, and the merchant shrugs his shoulders. "Eh bien!" he says, it;" and the bargain is concluded .-Paris Cor. Rochester Union.

> The first English sparrows brought to Atlanta were purchased by the City Council and placed in the old City-Hall Park, where the Capitol is now being erected. For a year or two they were to be seen nowhere within the city limits except in that immediate locality. about taken it -Atlanta Constitution.

CAUGHT BY A BIG CLAM. A Thrilling Story Told by a Navy Lieuten-

The following swimming story is told by a lieutenant in the navy: "I kept my eyes fixed on my companion, Brown, who was acting in a singular manner. After every few seconds his head would disappear beneath the water in which he stood, then it would appear again. He seemed to be struggling violently. As I approached han he threw up his hands and cried our, sin accents that haunt me still, 'For heav- Left to the world no lesson and no grade. water up to my waist. 'What is it? What has hold of you?' I exciaimed. It's a big oyster or a big clam,' he groaned. 'I was wading nere and stepped into it, I expect. It's shell closed, gripped my ankle, and, to save my life, I can't move; and the tide will soon be over our heads here,' he added, and with something almost like a soh.

Stupendous triumph of ambitious art, Helped by a million eager, earnest hands Up to the lofty night wheron she stands, She knits two great Republics heart to heart And, suffing from our country's open door, Welcomes the homeless wanderer to our shore. stepped into it, I expect. It's shell and with something almost like a sob. He had been struggling here for 15 or 20 minutes. I had heard of the tridacpaddle and the batchet." I then ducked down under the water and with my

hands felt about his foot. The huge mollusk had what might be termed a death grip on him. The creature's shell was several feet long and of proportionate breadth, and the weight of the shell-fish must have been at least 300 pounds. The creature was attached to the coral rock by a grisly bysus as thick as my arm. Raising myseif, I got breath, then, seizing the paddle, thrust the shaft of it between the converging edges of the two valves of the shell, and, using it as a lever, attempted to pry the shell apart. But I could not open it. Brown, too, ducking down, seized hold with his hands and pulled with all his strength, but, exerting all our power, we could not release the monster's hold.

Again and again I threw my whole
weight on the shaft of the paddle, and
at length broke it. By this time the
water was up to my shoulders when I
stood up. Fully realizing that whatever I did must be done in a few minutes more, else the poor fellow would drown, I snatched the hatchet from Brown's hand, and, diving, tried to cut under the shell, to break the creature's anchorage on the rock. With might and main I cut and backed-then rose an instant for breath-then down and at it again. But it seemed as though I could not cut through the tough muscle. Four times I dived, and with frantic

haste cut at those tough byssi. "It stirs!" at length Brown cried, bracing his weight upon his free foot and lifting at it. Then, with a final blow, the byshowever, and I looked anxiously around ing asunder the hinge muscles at the base of the bivalve. It was truly a gigantic clam, and as a poetic retribution upon it for the attempt on the life of one of our party, we ate a portion of its kind. flesh for our supper, but found it rather tough. Brown's ankle was severely bruised and wrenched, and be suffered for many a day from the vice-like grip

of the huge mollusk .- The Argonaul. THE STORY OF JUDD.

What Drove the Naval Lieutenant Insane

'Much goes on in the navy," said a lieutenant lately, "of which the outside world knows nothing. Take the example of poor Judd. When Prestan became ugly at Colon, Capt. Kane, then of the Galena. sent Judd ashore to demand an explanation. Prestan prompting length and 7 feet 6 inches in circular control of the Galena. ly seized Judd, the American consul, cumference at the second joint; the Wright, and M. Connos, the local agent of the Pacific Mail Steam-hip company, and placed them in the 'calaboose.

"Then he sent word to Capt. Kane that at the first gun the Galena fired, or the first marine or sailor she landed, he In the morning Prestan came to them and told Judd that if he would sign an agreement that the arms on board the

Galena and told what he had done. But meantime Capt. Kane had driven the Dagos off the Colon and towed her out into the stream. When Capt. Kane learned what Judd had done he said the arms should not be delivered to Prestan. Now, Judd had purchased his life by signing the agreement that they would be, so he immediately returned ashore and told Prestan that he could

not keep his compact.
"Prestan immediately put him in the 'calaboose' again, and the next morning took him out to Monkey Hill to be shot. Before Judd's grave was dug. however, Col. Ulloa came dashing up with the government troops, and in the fight Judd escaped and went on board the Galena.

"It was then that Capt. Kane landed his men, and Judd went with them, eager for revenge. That day the hormassacre and the burning of Colon took place, and all day Judd fought bravely. But for two nights and three days his mind had been under the most terrible strain and his reason gave "He is now, as you all know, a hope-

when he found he could not keep the Their march is slow but sure; they never surrender a territory once taken.

Last spring they invaded several streets where they had never been seen be
went back he went to almost certain ing gradually to 61 feet at the top.

death, and he knew it. But he went The pedestal is a shell of smoothly and deliberately, rather than hewn granite, held in place by several where they had never been seen be-

BARTEOLDI'S GIFT.

GREATEST STATUE ON EARTH.

The Most Gigantic Example of the Sculptor's Art Known to Man-Its

Not like those temples of the olden times, Built by the blee ling hands of toiling slav The corner-ston is laid over the new-ma In bold commemoration of dark crimes: Not like the mystic Sphinx, whose dull, cold

Is this majestic emblem of the Free!
No history of wrongs, her wearing mars—But, rival and companion of the stars,
She lifts her glorious torch, that all may see
This symbol of a Nation's Motherhood,
Fair Liberty, the beautiful, the good!



vidual impulse, but as a popular token for Mac, in the lakatoi. To my inex- of the unbroken friendship of the French pressible joy he was close at hand, and nation for the United States during the enough to release Brown's foot, until owes a distinct debt of gratitude, and with a kulfe we had reached in and the graceful sentiment of fraternity completely divided the tridacna—saw- which impelled her to conceive and carry out the idea of a commemorative statue renders the event of its presentation unique in the history of man-

The Bartholdi statue of liberty is the most gigantic production of the sculp-tor's chisel that has ever been executed Beside it all the famous statues of ancient and medieval times sink into insignificance. It weighs in all 450,000 pounds, or 225 tons, and its total height, from the foundation of the pe-151 feet 1 inch. Its total height abov mean low-water mark is 305 feet 6 inches, and it towers high above any nail of the finger measures 1 foot 3 inches by 1 foot. The nose is 4 feet 6 inches in length and the eves each 2 feet 6 inches in width. Forty persons can stand without discomfort in the head. While the torch itself has capacithe first marine or sailor she landed, he would execute the prisoners. They were kept in the 'calaboose' all night, expecting to be shot in the morning.

They all men to ascend through the arm to the torch without squeezing. The right arm is 42 feet long and 13 feet in its greatest thickness. The waist is 35 feet through and the head 10 feet. The hand is 16 feet lone and the month 3 Colon would be delivered up he would let them all go.

"Judd did so and Prestan released his of the foundation to the top of the asoners. Judd returned on board the torch is 403. From the ground to the top of the pedestal there are 195 steps and the statue proper 154. The ladde leading up through the extended right arm to the torch has 54 rounds.



The pedestal is 89 feet high and is less maniae, but I think his voluntarily | 62 feet square at the base, tapering to putting himself in the power of Prestan, 40 feet at the summit. The Grecian columns above the base are each 72 feet promises to him by which he had purchased his life, is one of the most chivalric things of the century. When he break his word. Now, how many people who read of the burning of Colon knew this story of Judd?"—New York thousand barrels of cement. Its entire cost was \$250,000, of which \$100,000 was raised by popular subscription to the pedestal fund of the New York this little earth—New Haven News.

Works. The remainder was appropriated by congress. Ground was broken for the foundation in April, 1883, and it was completed in April, 1885. The pedestal was completed late in the spring of the present year. The first rivet was driven on the statue July 12, 1882.

The statue itself represents an outlay of more than 1,000,000 franes. It is made of sheets of beaten copper fixed on a pylonic iron trusswork, which serves as a support for the shell-like covering. The copper plates are kept in shape by iron bands, and supported by iron braces, which are clamped on the central core. They do not bear in the least on the lower plates, and their weight is always independent of all that is above and below. Exhaustive mathematical calculations were made upon the resist. calculations were made upon the resisting power of the iron pieces, upon the ing power of the iron pieces, upon the center of gravity, and upon the actions of high winds. The calculations were made by taking as a base the most powerful hurricanes which have been recorded in America or Europe. The copper plates are two and one half millimeters in thickness. The copper plating of the statue of St. Charles Borroing of the statue of St. Charles Borromeo is only one millimeter thick, and it has stood for two centuries.

STEWART'S MASCOT.

The Story of the Old Woman Who Used to Sit at the Great Merchant's Store.

A newspaper paragraph that I will read to you has excited the ire of an aged friend of mine, who has long been a resident of Philadelphia, but formerly resided in New York city. I have the clipping about me somewhere. Here it

"I hear a queer story of the supersti-tion of A. T. Stewart. From the beginning of his career as a New York merchant until shortly before his death he imagined that his fortune was bound up in that of the little old apple woman who had a stand in front of his store. When his chief store was down by the city hall this little old apple-woman was encouraged and protected by him, and when he moved further up Broadway to the big white building now oc-cupied by Denning, it is said that he personally superintended the carrying of the little apple woman's effects to a new stand outside of it. Here she stayed during all of its prosperity in these new quarters, but shortly before his death she disappeared. Stewart looked upon her as a mascot and he often said, so the story goes, that when she died or left the place that his good luck would go with her. Strange to say, it was even so. A few months after this Stewart began to decline, and that apple woman was hardly forgotten before he was in his grave."

That is what started my friend talking. "A very queer story, indeed," he said, "and if I rightly understand Bystander, he would like to give his listeners the honest truth from one who was here. I think it was about the year 1845 that I first saw the apple woman who figures in the newspaper legend. It was when A. T. Stewart was a prospering New York merchant and kept a store on Broadway, not far below between us we lifted Brown, with his now captured captor, into the canoe, latter's first century of existence, and an earnest of the continuance of that park. It was the great New York store, Even then we could not—both of us to-gether—pry the valves of the shell apart only nation to which the United States tive. By the side of the door, which was not in the least a spacious entrance. sat the old apple woman of history. She never kept an apple stand, but she sat in a chair constructed of boards, back-ed up against the cold brick wall, and by her side there was a basket, plai and unpretentious as the chair, and filled with fruit. The old wome at that far off time, nearly 70

> and decrepit. Her clothir cheapest description, britidy as possible. 1 wr of New York, and Chambers street to her morning and ev ed much attention, sat at the great we partly because she was so work object of charity. I never saw her sell an apple. I never saw the person who witnessed any commercial transaction in the fruit line in which she was concerned. I never saw her basket when it looked as if it had been reduced to the extent of one apple. Her revenue was not derived from the sale of her stock. She did not sit there in all

weathers to sell apples. Her age and

cleanly appearance commended her to the liberality of the throng that passed

in and out of "Stewart's." His cus-

tomers regarded her as a pensioner.

age. In appearance she w-

and there was a daily generous deposit of coins in her shriveled hand. "One morning Stewart's old apple woman, as she had come to be called, was missing. The wonder was is she dead?" and there was much inquiry as to what had become of her. The newspapers undertook to respond to the pubic demand and this was the result of their investigation: It was discovered that to sit at the entrance of the great merchant's store was a very profitable privilege; that by reason of being thus favored the old apple woman's annual revenue amounted to a large sum, and some evil-disposed person hinted that A. T. Stewart shared her income. It was a cruel and preposterous lie, and when it came to his ears she had to go. The public never knew from when she came, nor whither she went. All that was known was that the box chair and its ancient occupant had disappeared, and the throng of people who pass-ed up and down Broadway sorrowed that they should see her placid face no

more forever. 'The general belief was that Mr. Stewart supplied the revenue of which scandal had deprived her. If he did the demand upon his liberality was of brief duration, for she was very aged when she first became a solicitor of alms. This old woman did not enter into his life at the beginning of his career, and she had probably gone to her happy home thirty years before he laid down the burden of his life. He never had any superstition concerning her or anyone, and to associate her career with his is simply idiotic rubbish. If she stayed around the new place it was in the spirit, for to have presided at an apple-stand when A. T. Stewart died she would have been a sure enough centenarian, with several years spare."-I'hiladelphia News.